

VOLUME XXXVI.

NEW YORK, JULY 26, 1900.

NUMBER 924.

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CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"YOU CRUEL, WICKED BOY, TO KILL THAT HARMLESS, LITTLE BIRD."
"I WAS JUS' GOING TER OFFER IT TO YEE, LADY, FER TER PUT DE WINGS IN YER COLLECTION
ON YER HEADGEAR."
"OH, YOU GENEROUS, LITTLE FELLOW! AND THEY'RE JUST THE RIGHT SHADE!"

SCRIBNER'S FICTION NUMBER

Special Cover in Nine Colors

THE SPECIAL FEATURES of the August (Fiction) number of SCRIBNER'S include a *New Animal Story* by Ernest Seton-Thompson, profusely illustrated by himself; a *New Story* by Edith Wharton, illustrated by Maxfield Parrish; an amusing story of rural experience, entitled "*Green Pigs*," by S. H. Preston, most humorously illustrated by A. B. Frost; a *Love-Story* by J. R. Perry, illustrated by H. C. Christy; and a *Short Play* by George A. Hibbard, illustrated by Henry Hutt; also *Stories* by Albert Bigelow Paine and Arthur Colton, while J. M. Barrie's great serial, "*Tommy and Grizel*," continues with increasing interest.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

This Fiction Number

is specially remarkable for the richness and variety of its illustrations, surpassing in this respect any issue of its kind ever attempted hitherto. Besides the cover, in nine colors, it contains a wealth of illustrations by well-known artists.

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LIFE

**Sylvia.**

SYLVIA fettered me with
smiles ;
Chained me with an hundred
wiles ;
Held me close, in captive guise,
With the magic of her eyes.

Yesterday the bonds 'she broke ;
Granted freedom from the yoke ;
Gave me back my liberty ;
Sylvia, what is that to me ?

Soothly, even to the grave,
I would rather be a slave !

Clinton Scollard.

•LIFE•



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXVI. JULY 26, 1900. NO. 924.
10 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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WHILE so many voters are casting about trying to make up their minds whether their distrust of Colonel Bryan or Major McKinley is the more acute and irrepressible, it is interesting to find that at least one eminent publicist, who might be supposed to be wallowing in the slough of doubt, has reached definite conclusions. Mr. Godkin has been heard from. The New York *Journal* has asked his views and quotes him as saying in reply that, though illness has so cut him off from affairs that he is an indifferent guide to a voter, his opinion, formed long ago, and not modified by any facts which he can obtain, is that William McKinley and the men who surround him and act with him "are the most dangerous set of scoundrels by which any civilized country was ever beset." "You may guess then," adds Mr. Godkin, "how I would vote if I were voting."

It may be that Mr. Godkin, in forming his views, has taken counsel of his liver rather than of his intellect, but if so, he has a valiant and determined liver that stands by him in a tight place and does not budge. It is an organ to be thankful for, and must relieve his mind of some severe strains. Many thousands of voters, less positively constituted, who are still putting one distrust against another and trying to choose between them, will envy him

the comparative tranquillity of the settled conviction to which he has attained.

The one weak point in Mr. Godkin's statement is his intimation that he will not vote this year. After all, it is the voter who is perplexed. There never was a year in which it was easier to say whom one did not care to vote for. The question, "Whom shall I vote for?" is the poser. Nor will a third candidate make its solution any easier, for voting this year for a third candidate is only another way of not casting a vote.



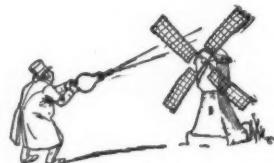
IT would be in good order to congratulate Senator Hoar on reaching a conclusion about his vote if there was any evidence that he has ever been tried by serious doubts or had any misgivings about the consequences of Republican success. Mr. Hoar does not share Mr. Godkin's feelings about the Major. He has reiterated, since the Philadelphia convention, his confidence in the honesty of President McKinley, his purpose to support him, his belief that justice and liberty must triumph through the agency of the Republican party if at all, and his comprehensive distrust of the Democrats. Mr. William Lloyd Garrison has called him an apostate to freedom and Mr. Erving Winslow has reviled him variously, but Mr. Hoar scoffs at them, and insists that there is no valuation in Bryan or his following, and that it was Bryan's influence that defeated the attempt to prevent the ratification of the treaty with Spain. Mr. Hoar's liver seems to be of very little use to him in forming his views. But he doesn't need it. He is wonderfully well constituted for being happy in this world. Hope is unquenchable in his bosom; he looks indefatigably for the bright side of Republican politics, and if it is unduly hard to find he constitutes one in himself.

When citizens so learned and intelligent as Mr. Hoar and Mr. Godkin differ so intensely in their conclusions, the ordinary doubtful voter is surely excusable in waiting to hear further discourse and to watch for further developments before committing himself to any course of conduct.



THE Eastern Democratic papers are having a hard time again this year, though not quite so hard as four years ago. Then, not to talk about silver was to ignore the chief concern of public interest, but now nobody in these parts wants to talk about silver.

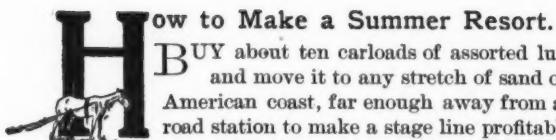
The case of silver is settled, and if Bryan makes a serious attempt to reopen it he may expect to see his hearers in this part of the world yawn in his face. The Eastern Democratic papers this year can ignore it without giving their readers the least concern, and can make several columns of interesting reading every day about expansion and imperialism, and Governor Roosevelt's hat and other live issues. There will be no lack of good reading and writing and talk this year. Democratic editors can expound Democratic principles all summer, but voting for Bryan is another matter, and by no means a necessary consequence of opposition to McKinley. Voters, whatever their views, will be chary of voting for a man who believes in ghosts, and wants to make one walk that has been once well laid.



THE New York *Sun* printed on July 8 a column-long editorial on "Theodore Roosevelt's Hat." It is to be regretted that its discourse did not include (nor indeed allude to) the lines on the same great subject written just after the Philadelphia Convention by a poet-statesman of Boston. It is possible that the *Sun* has not heard of them. They begin :

Oh, hat that late the Mauser bullets drew,
Grown handy latterly for talking through.

Persons who deny the historical accuracy of the lines may still admire them (as the Governor surely will) for their poetical merit.



How to Make a Summer Resort.

BUY about ten carloads of assorted lumber, and move it to any stretch of sand on the American coast, far enough away from a railroad station to make a stage line profitable.

Arrange the lumber so that it will stand up and keep off the rain, and nail together with a few tenpenny nails. Paint the whole any bright color.

Now, from what is left over make a board walk four miles long and four feet wide. From what is left of the board walk, erect a row of bath houses. Make each compartment so small that a guest will have to live at the hotel for a week before he is thin enough to undress in it. Put at one side a shelf with the splinter side up, to sit down on when tired.

Go to a hardware shop and buy an electric plant, and string one wire in the hotel office, another on the cupola on top, and the third on the flagstaff in front. Let the rest of the place, including the piazza and surroundings, be in total darkness.

Order from a department store one good sized towel, and divide it into as many pieces as there will be guests, say one for every three guests.

Buy from an auction room a set of beds that no one else wants, and from the navy yard some discarded armor, which makes fine summer hotel bed springs. Have the space between the bed and the sides of each room fully wide enough to admit a good sized skeleton.

Now go to any reputable burglar agency and secure a complete band of skillful robbers, including a head robber and a robber for each dining-room table.

After this has been done, buy one small cow, one large pump, and arrange with a canning factory to furnish enough fresh vegetables each week to supply one-half the



"COME ON, OLD CHAP, LET'S GO DOWN INTO THE HOLD AND SEE THE WORKINGS OF THE SHIP'S VITALS."

"NO, THANKS, I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA OF IT NOW."

guests. Secure from a deaf and dumb asylum one man with a sixty-carat rhinestone, to stand behind the counter.

Go to the back of the structure, dig a cellar large enough to accommodate all the male guests, cover it with blinds, label it "barber shop," and fill it with the worst beer, wine and whiskey that the ingenuity of man has been able to devise.

Your summer resort is now ready for use. All you need is to advertise judiciously, and never allow any guest to escape with a red cent in his pocket.

Tom Masson.



UNVEILING THE MONUMENT ERECTED IN MEMORY OF THE SPIDER WHO SAVED ROBERT BRUCE.

The Thorny Paths of Benevolence.

IT does seem hard that England, in her glorious South African crusade, should not have the support of all her citizens. But the men quoted below are probably the three most ignorant and malicious traitors in the whole bloomin' kingdom, dontcherknow :

"This war is a crime against civilization." — Sir EDWARD CLARKE, M. P.

"I consider that under present circumstances to make war upon the Transvaal would be a national crime." — Lord COLERIDGE, July 9th, 1899.

"It is incredible that after these concessions a war should be possible." — Canon SCOTT-HOLLAND.

·LIFE·

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The Latest Books.

A THRILLING and dramatic story, told with vivid simplicity, which has not been equalled since the days of Cæsar, lies between the covers of *Besieged by the Boers*, by E. Oliver Ash, M. D. The book is a record of events in Kimberly from day to day during the siege, by a physician who, while unconnected with the military authorities, was working in unison with them. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

Secrets of Monte Carlo, by William Le Queux, is a badly-made book of well-

plain, nineteenth century New England. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

To the Healing of the Sea, by Francis H. Hardy, is a very little story with a vast amount of padding. The story tells how a broker in New York brought about panic which ruined thousands and drove scores to suicide to save the "honor" of a friend who had misappropriated some trust funds. (Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.)

Mr. James Lane Allen has produced a splendid piece of work in his latest book, *The Reign of Law*. It is the story



AT LIFE'S FARM.

"RING AROUND A ROSY."

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written short stories centering about Monte Carlo and its gambling house. It will deeply interest those who are votaries of roulette, but will be largely "caviare to the general." (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

Our literary friends seem to be rushing into historical romance with much the same unanimity with which the stars of the legitimate stage took to vaudeville a few seasons since. The latest recruit is Miss Mary E. Wilkins with *The Heart's Highway*, a romance of Virginia in the seventeenth century. The story lacks the strength and compelling interest one expects in a romance, and, though Miss Wilkins is often charming in spite of the stilted style of 1682, we much prefer her in

of a young Kentucky farmer, born with the ability to think, but reared in unquestioning faith in Christianity, who, in the course of his studies for the ministry, is lead to read the works of Darwin and the other founders of "the new science." It is a masterly analysis of the struggle between his strong faith and his stronger reason. (The Macmillan Company.)

Boy, a Sketch, is the title of a new book by Marie Corelli. It tells how a very attractive child came to go to the dogs. There are some delightful characters among the older people in the book, but the general tone is one of insistence that nothing is as good as it used to be, which will appeal mostly to pessimists. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

THE other day, one of the youngest guests at LIFE'S Farm, a boy of six, was requested by a superintendent to remove a very ragged pair of trowsers. He demurred. The superintendent insisted, as the approaching festival required the child's best attire. At last, seeing resistance was useless, the boy removed the unworthy garments and held them toward the superintendent, saying: "Do you want them?"



A WIDE DIFFERENCE.

Sulu Islander: UM. ARE THEY ALL LIKE YOU?
The American Advance Guard: BEGORRA, NAW. I'M DE BOSS. THE PAPLE I
 RULE OVER ARE AMERICANS.

Another Letter from Africa.

BEIRA, E. AFRICA, May 20, 1900.

DEAR SIR: As an American citizen who has had an opportunity of learning something of the causes of the present war which is being fought in South Africa, and who has lived for some years both with the British and with the Boers, I am writing to protest against the tone which your paper, LIFE, adopts in dealing with the war. I especially take exception to some scurrilous verses published in your issue of January 25, under the heading of "The Invincible Armada," which, to every right-minded and decent man, must appear to exceed the limits of good taste and certainly betray a woeful ignorance of not only the causes of the war, but also of its progress. It is regrettable that a paper like LIFE should descend to the level of the Paris gutter sheets. I have always been on the best of terms with my British friends, who have always seemed to have the kindest of feelings for America and Americans, and such anti-British sentiments coming from a paper which is published in a country which owes everything to England, are simply deplorable. After the extremely friendly attitude of Great Britain towards us during our war with Spain, it scarcely seems right that an American paper should publish such disgraceful libels. It is conduct of this kind which disgusts American gentlemen, and it is not surprising that there are many like myself who dread returning to the vulgarity and sordidness of the country of their birth. . . . With regard to the war, for months the Boers enormously outnumbered the British forces, and failed in their attack. There has been bravery shown on both sides, and there is no doubt that, after the war, both nations will have an increased respect for one another. With regard to the charge that the British are

"egging on the niggers" to attack the Boers, this is a lie of the first water. In this country we do not permit the black element to come in, and I do not believe that the Boers have broken the tacit understanding which existed before the war, that no natives should be used as combatants on either side.

I am proud to have the honor of fighting as a volunteer with my British friends, and I can assure you that every decent American out here is as convinced as I am of the righteousness of the British cause.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
 JOHN H. HOWARD.

At present serving as a volunteer with the Rhodesian Field Force, under Sir F. Carrington.

Really, now, our correspondent exaggerates in saying that the United States "owe everything to England." Although we may be a poor lot, we have accomplished just a little of it ourselves.

However, we sympathize with this American, and we regret that he should dread returning to the "vulgarity and sordidness" of his native land. Much as we need the class of patriot he represents, we cannot conscientiously urge his return. He is more in harmony with his present surroundings. And the cause in which he is fighting is evidently congenial.

•LIFE•

A
HISTORY
OF
ENGLAND*In Four Blasts.*

BLAST TWO.

THE Normans ruled England with a high hand—four Kings and an axe, and made it an annex of Normandy.

They went in time to glory and warmth, and handed the land over to the Angevins, a fine breed of foreigners and spenders. Richard of the Lion Heart and lion digestion was a sport, given over to lute, loot and liquor; he carved his way to fame and unpopularity, and practiced dentistry on the Hebrews for spot cash. Going east, he was locked up in Austria for disturbing the peace, and kept in jail until a song-and-dance artist paid his fine. He was killed in a scrap and his brother John got his job. John was a fighter, but an easy mark; the Pope threw him down in one round. John signed the Magna Charta, thereby earning the hatred of every man compelled to listen to campaign oratory. What the Magna Charta is, was, says, does, or ought to do, nobody knows; everybody talks about it, weeps for it, appeals to it: but it is still a mystery. John never got over it. He died at a place called the Wash; he took chances monkeying with novelties and he lost. The Wash was regarded with horror for centuries afterwards, and only a few Britons have got over their prejudice against it.

* * *

FTER the Angevins came the Plantagenets—the Broom Trust—who, like all Kings of England, were not English. As fighters and tax-eaters they were a great success. They went up against Willie Wallace, a Scot, who murdered the King's English at Bannockburn, a fact which the shrinking Scot has not allowed to be forgotten. They also fished in troubled waters and caught Wales. They invented the Prince of Wales for the joy of unborn generations of Americans, and established the Order of the Garter for the protection of the ballet. When the Broom Planters passed out, the Lancastrians walked in. They were half French, and kept diaries for Shakespeare to use with dramatic effect. England had long been an excrescence of France and Normandy. The gay Lancastrians endeavored to reverse this by making France an excrescence of Albion. They battled and banged and burned and biffed around France in right merry style, until they ran up against a woman's club in the hands of Joan of Arc. Joan was a lady with views, and her Anglophobia was popular and practical. She induced the English to go home and was a reformer. She played for high stakes and won

one. The English army roasted her in the interests of freedom and humanity.

After vacating France the English civilizers fell out over the offices, the number at home being too few to go round. As ballots and bullets were unknown the two gangs trimmed each other with axes, pikes and other appliances of civilization, and they made England a lovely place to move away from. The beauty and humanity of the troubles led to them being called the Wars of the Roses. Richard of Gloucester, a fighter with a game leg, finally won out and established a royal abattoir for the opposition. His motto was, "Tails, I win; heads, you lose." Richard was a croaker; a horsey pessimist.

In his last scrap he was counted out, and planted with a quarry over him to insure permanent quiet. His funeral director was Henry Tudor, another foreigner, a Welchman, who found the crown just his size. He stopped the war; frowned on expansion; but failed to curtail the war revenue. He was a king for business. He insisted on England taking peace in large doses while he managed the revenue.

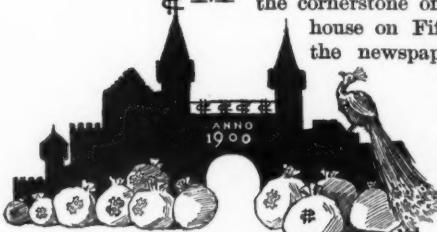
Henry Tudor was the end of the old, the beginning of a new epoch; he stopped the excrescence business and made money. He was a genius. Kings heretofore skinned the noble lower class Briton beautifully; Henry skinned all classes, and allowed no rake off. He was the boss. England under his paternal care learned to speak English, and in a few more centuries will understand it. England was ripening. She was discovering America, inventing printing, making gunpowder, organizing new religions, and doing those things which low, envious foreigners have had the nerve to claim they themselves were already doing. In this age roast beef and Welsh rabbits were introduced, and England was Merrie England once more. *Joseph Smith.*

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER HERO.
THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

A Contemporaneous Cornerstone.

MR. W. A. CLARK, of Montana, lately laid the cornerstone of a two-million-dollar house on Fifth Avenue with what the newspapers called "befitting ceremonies." Readers who have followed so much of Mr. Clark's career as has been public, may wonder what ceremonies were thought suitable to mark the erection of



A MODERN CASTLE

so great a house by so great a man. The cornerstone, it seems, was a big block of Maine granite, and the attending Clarks deposited in it a copper box, filled with newspapers and documents relating to the house of Clark. Almost any collection of recent newspapers, certainly any lot that included the proceedings of last winter's Senate Committee on contested elections, would contain a considerable percentage of information likely to edify the Clark posterity.

A Strong Plea.

THE spread of education in the South is rapidly developing the negro, and his highest ambition is to be a lawyer and a statesman. Occasionally his exertions get him before the court rather earlier than he plans. Samuel Jackson, Esq., who had read some law, found himself before the judge for some little irregularity with the fifth commandment. The case was clear.

"Guilty," said the judge.

"What on?" asked the important Samuel.

"The facts," was the reply.

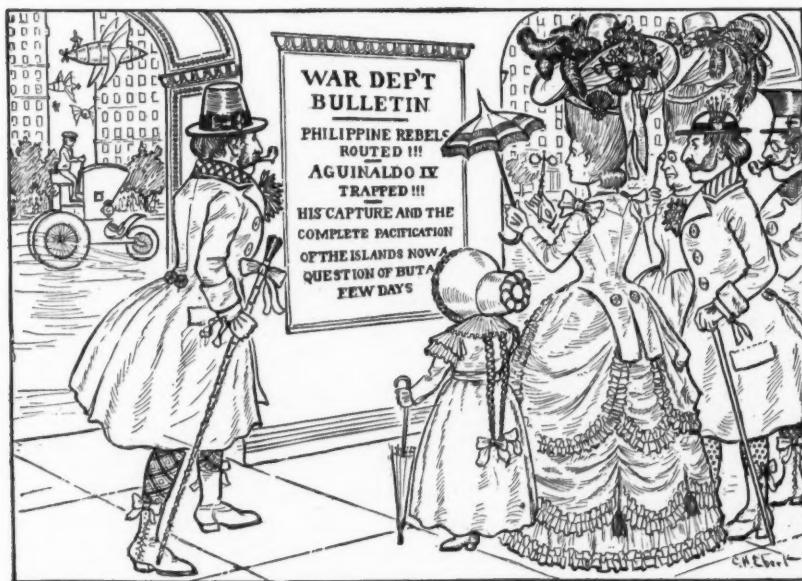
"I beg your honor's pardon," said Sam, grandiloquently. "You may find me guilty on de facts, your honor, but I respectively maintains dat I'm innerecent on de techmercalities."



"WHY, SOPHY, WHAT DID YOU PLANT THERE?"
"BIRD SEED."

IN a fit of mental abstraction, the literary editor of the *Evening Post* omitted to mention, one day recently, the name of Andrew Lang in his column. The stock market went off ten points, and Queen Victoria cabled for an apology.

CCHARLES DUDLEY WARNER has recently been presented with a set of *A Library of the World's Best Literature*, and it is said that he contemplates reading it.



IN 1900.

TUFTS COLLEGE, near Boston, has a new scheme for diminishing the tendency of college students to absent themselves from recitations. It has devised a system of fines by which any student who commits an unauthorized absence or fails to comply with certain regulations pays two dollars into the college treasury. It seems possible that some of our larger universities which include in their membership large numbers of young men who can more easily spare their money than their time, might derive highly important revenue from a system of this sort. Harvard, for example, which charges, or used to charge, \$150 for tuition, might easily collect as much more from many students for the privilege of neglecting their privileges. She follows a more liberal course, making absence free, but providing that a reasonable growth in knowledge shall be compulsory.

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LIFE.

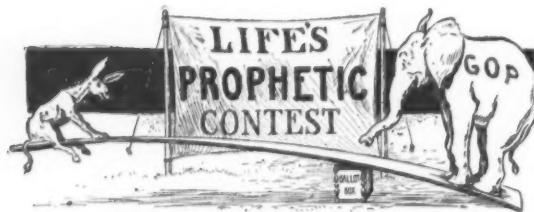


CONGRATULATIONS

Golf.

A WHANG—a whirring thro' the air—
Two hundred yards to walk.
Another whang—an hour's search
Made warm with low-breathed talk.
A triplication of the whang—
The walk and talk the same—
The green—a pretense at croquet—
And that's the golfing game.

The Ex-Enthusiast.



The main issue of the present Presidential campaign is Imperialism. It is the policy of expansion against comfortable isolation. The future of this country would be widely divergent under either of these two policies.

What will be the future condition of the United States of America in its governmental, social, political, domestic, artistic, literary, sporting, religious or other aspects, as a result of the election of either Republican or Democratic candidate?

LIFE will give

A Prize of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold

to the best reply to this question from either point of view, **seventy-five dollars** in gold to the second best, and **twenty-five dollars** in gold to the third best.

Conditions.

The competition is open to subscribers of LIFE only. All new subscribers will be included.

Competitors must limit their arguments to four hundred words each.

The manuscripts should, where possible, be typewritten on one side only of the paper.

The winning argument will be printed, together with such others as may seem to LIFE worthy of that honor.

Names and addresses of the writers should accompany all manuscripts. In no case will these be printed without the permission of the sender. Those who desire their manuscripts returned should enclose a stamped and addressed return envelope. Otherwise all unavailable manuscripts will be destroyed.

Each manuscript may bear a pseudonym, which will be printed with the argument.

The Editors of LIFE are to be the sole judges of the merits of the arguments. As a guide to competitors, however, it may be stated that the arguments will be judged by three standards, in the following order:

1. Humor. 2. Originality. 3. Literary Merit. The date on which the contest will close will be announced later.

Out of the Question.

JACKSON: Why don't you get some of your friends to help you out?

JUMPUPPE: Because I am so poor I can't afford to accept favors. The people who confer them expect too much in return.

The Return of the Prodigal.

SEVENTEEN years ago, in one of the first issues of LIFE, we published this conversation, with a drawing to illustrate it:

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Uncle Jack: It is very good lemonade, I am sure; but tell me, Bonnie, why do you sell yours for three cents a glass, when Charley gets five for his?

Miss Bonnie: Well, you musn't tell anybody, Uncle Jack, but the puppy fell in mine, and I thought it ought to be cheaper.

It was the record of an actual occurrence, given us by a friend, the gentleman who asked the little girl the question.

Now, the seventeen years having elapsed, we open the last copy of *Moonshine* that comes to us from London, dated June 23, 1900, and we see this picture, with its accompanying text:

**A NICE DISTINCTION.**

"What's the difference between your halfpenny and penny lemonade, little boy?"

"Well, mum, the dawg fell in this yere one!"

Our early friend has traveled. Where, through what countries and in what languages, we shall never know. But his reincarnation is in English, the language of his birth.

How many times has he been around the earth? How many times has he been illustrated? And how many times has he been paid for as original?

He is good: he deserves attention, and, presumably, he will never die.

This time he happens to be clothed in humbler garments, but that is no disgrace.

We reproduce him and we make these remarks, not from malice, nor from pride, as *Moonshine* is above reproach and probably paid honest money for the joke. We cast no stone, for more than once we have paid honest money for experienced jokes of far greater antiquity.



THE ORIGINAL SKYSCRAPER.

To Church or Not to Church.



THE question of playing golf on Sunday will probably never be raised again, it having been settled to the delectation of the great army of golfers, those in the small minority being satisfied to take their fun on weekdays. So with tennis in its time, wheeling, and other disaffecting

influences. But now, such is the number of Sunday heretics, that we are beginning to ask ourselves, with serious unction, whether we shall go to church on Sunday or not, and this question seems to be taking the place of the other difficulties.

It was not so long ago that a prominent—or perhaps notorious is the better word nowadays—clergyman declared that the reason for the falling off in church attend-

ance was due to the fact that people no longer believed in a hell.

From this standpoint, therefore, those who have made a practice of going to church, and now go no more, were clearly driven to it, and the consequent relief upon a curtailment of the hereafter to the lopping off of the lower half has been in the nature of a popular outburst.

Perhaps the advanced perception that there is no hell bye and bye has helped to the belief that, after all, there is more fun on earth than has been dreamed of. At any rate, a great many folks who formerly went to church are giving up one day in the week to their own pleasure.

THERE seems to be a way not to be nominated for Vice-President if the chosen victim's reluctance is sufficiently violent. Every friend of Senator Hill must rejoice that he found it at Kansas City, and declined to go down into the pit that his enemies had dug for him. He would have strengthened the ticket, of course, but it would have been at the cost of his own self-respect and of his reputation among Democrats of his way of thinking. He is not a man who has always had the confidence of the best men of his party, but he is able and sane, and has a record, and now in his own State is arrayed against the worst elements in his party. It

was impudence to propose such a man as the tail to Bryan's kite.

No Hope.

COBBLE: I wish I could stop playing poker.

STONE: Why don't you swear off? "I do. But every single time I swear off I begin to win."

•LIFE•

A New Departure.

THE office of Vice-President has never yielded such a crop of publicity as to be considered a desirable plum to add to one's political regimen.

Not only has obscurity covered it like a pall during the actual term, but it has clung to the incumbent after he has cast off the honor, and become once more a public character. The qualities of a Vice-President have almost always been negative, and it is not so much for what a man has done, as for what he has avoided, which determine his fitness for the place. The apotheosis of respectable mediocrity is the quality hitherto necessary, and the office has been a sort of standard affair in which to measure the respectability of the nation.

Mark now the change. Here's Teddy come to town riding on a broncho, and the face of the Vice-Presidency is altered forever. Bring on your torch lights, brass bands, cymbals and horns! Here's the way that ticket should read:

For Vice-President,
Theodore Roosevelt.

For President,
William McKinley.

No Exception.

A LECTURER on Prohibition tells an experience he had in North Carolina, where the religious ideas that are otherwise rigid do not exclude the free use of mountain whiskey. He delivered his lecture in a church, and, warming up to his subject, declared that the Bible prohibited the drinking of alcohol. Immediately a long, lank member interrupted:

"There ain't no such thing in the Bible," he said. "Read it from Genesis to Revelation, from kiver to kiver, and you can find only one man who ever asked for water, and he only wanted a single drap, and what's more," declared the mountain member in peroration, "he didn't git to Heaven."

"**A** WOMAN doesn't always have the last word, does she?"

"Oh, no. Sometimes she is talking to another woman."

The Cumberbunce.

I STROLLED beside the shining sea,
I was as lonely as could be;
No one to cheer me in my walk
But stones and sand, which cannot talk—
Sand and stones and bits of shell,
Which never have a thing to tell.
But as I sauntered by the tide
I saw a something at my side,
A something green, and blue, and pink,
And brown, and purple, too, I think.
I would not say how large it was;
I would not venture that, because
It took me rather by surprise,
And I have not the best of eyes.
Should you compare it to a cat,
I'd say it was as large as that;
Or should you ask me if the thing
Was smaller than a sparrow's wing,
I should be apt to think you knew,
And simply answer, "Very true!"
Well, as I looked upon the thing,
It murmured, "Please, sir, can I sing?"
And then I knew its name at once—
It plainly was a Cumberbunce.
You are amazed that I could tell
The creature's name so quickly? Well,
I knew 'twas not a paper-doll,
A pencil or a parasol,
A tennis-racket or a cheese,
And, as it was not one of these,
And I am not a perfect duncē—
It had to be a Cumberbunce!
With pleading voice and tearful eye
It seemed as though about to cry.
It looked so pitiful and sad
It made me feel extremely bad.
My heart was softened to the thing
That asked me if it, please, could sing.
Its little hand I longed to shake,
But, oh, it had no hand to take!
I bent and drew the creature near,
And whispered in its pale blue ear,
"What! Sing my Cumberbunce? You can!
Sing on, sing loudly, little man!"
The Cumberbunce, without ado,
Gazed sadly on the ocean blue,
And, lifting up its little head,
In tones of awful longing, said:
"Oh, I would sing of mackerel skies,
And why the sea is wet,
Of jelly-fish and conger-eels,
And things that I forgot.
And I would hum a plaintive tune
Of why the waves are hot
As water boiling on a stove,
Excepting that they're not!
"And I would sing of hooks and eyes,
And why the sea is slant,
And gaily tips the little ships,
Excepting that I can't!
I never sang a single song,

I never hummed a note.
There is in me no melody,
No music in my throat.

"So that is why I do not sing
Of sharks, or whales, or anything!"
I looked in innocent surprise,
My wonder showing in my eyes.
"Then why, Oh, Cumberbunce," I cried,
"Did you come walking at my side
And ask me if you, please, might sing,
When you could not warble anything?"



THE CUMBERBUNCE.

"I did not ask permission, sir,
I really did not, I aver.
You, sir, misunderstood me, quite.
I did not ask you if I might.
Had you correctly understood,
You'd know I asked you if I could.
So, as I cannot sing a song,
Your answer, it is plain, was wrong.
The fact I could not sing I knew,
But wanted your opinion, too."

A voice came softly o'er the lea.
"Farewell! my mate is calling me!"

I saw the creature disappear,
Its voice, in parting, smote my ear—
"I thought all people understood
The difference 'twixt 'might' and 'could!'"

Paul West.



OVERHEARD IN THE WITTINGTON FAMILY.

Dick Wittington: YOU LOOKED SO WITCHING THAT, YIELDING TO AN UNGOVERNABLE IMPULSE, I KISSED YOU.

"BUT I AM A MARRIED WOMAN!"

"I FELT THAT IF YOUR HUSBAND HAD BEEN HERE HE WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME."



THE Editor of "The Lost Greek Lyre" thus describes a little incident of everyday editorial life in that lively camp:

When he lit inside our sanctum
We most courteously thanked him
For the honor he had paid us by the call.
And his hand shot like a rocket
To his arsenal hip pocket
As he passed a rude remark about our gall.
He had come prepared to fight us,
To unmercifully smite us,
On his mortuary fence to hang our hide.
But our nerve was workin' steady
And our Gatling gun was ready,
And he prematurely crossed the great divide!

—Denver Post.

MARK TWAIN AS A PLAYWRIGHT.

Mark Twain made a characteristic speech at the banquet given in London on June 9th, in honor of Sir Henry Irving, who had just returned to England after his most successful tour in the East. In proposing the toast, "The Drama," the humorist said:

"I find my task a very easy one, as I have been a dramatist for thirty years. I have had an ambition all that time to overdo the work of the Spaniard, who said he left behind him four hundred dramas when he died. I have behind me four hundred and fifteen, and I am not yet dead.

"The greatest of all arts is to write dramas. It is a most difficult thing. It requires the highest talent possible and the rarest gifts. No, there is another talent that ranks it, for anybody can write dramas. I had four hundred of them, but to get one accepted requires real ability, and I have never had that felicity yet. But human nature is so constructed, we are so persistent, that when we know we are

born to a thing we do not care what the world thinks about it, we go on exploiting that talent year after year as I have done. I shall go on writing dramas, and some day the impossible may happen, but I am not looking for it in writing plays. The chief thing is novelty. The world grows tired of solid forms in all the arts.

"I struck a new idea myself years ago. I was not surprised at it. I was always expecting it would happen. A person who has suffered disappointment for many years loses confidence, and I thought I had better make inquiries before I exploited my new idea of doing a drama in the form of a dream.

"So I wrote to a great authority on knowledge of all kinds, and asked him whether it was new. I could depend upon him, for he lived in my dear home in America. That dear home—dearer to me through taxes. He sent to me a list of the plays in which that old device had been used, and said there was also a modern list. He traveled back to China and to a play dated twenty-six hundred years before the Christian era, and said he would follow it up with a list of previous plays of that kind. That was the most discouraging thing that ever happened to me in my dramatic career.

"I have done a world of good in a silent, private way, and have furnished Sir Henry Irving with plays and plays and plays. And what has he achieved through that influence? See where he stands now—on the summit of his art in two worlds. His position is unchallenged, and it was I who put him there—that partly put him there.

"I am to be followed by Mr. Pinero. I conceive that we stand at the head of the profession. He has not written as many plays as I have, but he has had that God-given talent which I lack, of working them off on managers."—Exchange.

"If I were to give you an orange," said Judge Foote of Topeka, "I would simply say, 'I give you the orange,' but

should the transaction be entrusted to a lawyer to put in writing he would adopt this form: 'I hereby give, grant and convey to you all my interest, right, title and advantage of and in said orange, together with its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pits; and all rights and advantages therein, with full power to bite, suck, or otherwise eat the same, or give away with or without the rind, skin, juice, pulp or pits; anything hereinbefore or in any other deed or deeds, instruments of any nature or kind whatsoever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.'—Kansas City Journal.

"Now, Willie, dear," asked his mother, "why did you not come when I called you the first time?"

"Because I did not hear you till you called the third time," said little Willie.

The heart of the mother was pained at this evidence of depravity. For how, she reasoned, could he have distinguished the third call without hearing the second?

"I know it was the third time, mamma," little Willie hastened to explain, "'cause you sounded so mad."

She clasped him to her bosom. A boy who could bolster up a poor story with a better one was not doomed to remain in obscurity.—Indianapolis Press.

A LITTLE girl of five or six years came into Bellevue Hospital, New York, recently, with her eyes full of tears, and her arms full of cat. To the doctors in charge she explained that pussy's foot had been crushed by an electric car. The physicians were for refusing the case at first, but noting the distress of the little maid, they good-naturedly produced chloroform, instruments and bandages and performed a neat operation, the child bravely assisting. "Now you can take your kitty home with you," said the doctor, when all was over. "It ain't mine," said the girl. "I des found it. Now 'oo take care of it. Dood-bye," and she vanished.

—Exchange.

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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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LIFE

A HUMBLE insect is the hornet,
But wisdom therefore will not scorn it,
For its persistence is sublime—
Its point it carries every time.—*Chicago Record*.

THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO.

The country known as above lies in the northern part of Ontario, one hundred and twelve miles from the City of Toronto, and embraces the Muskoka Lakes, the Magnetawan River, the Lake of Bays district and the thirty thousand islands of the Georgian Bay, four of the most picturesque and attractive regions for summer tourists on the American Continent. The scenery is of a diversified variety, with beautiful land and water scapes, lakes dotted with islands of every description, and being at an altitude of over one thousand feet above sea level, the atmospheric conditions are of great benefit to any suffering from asthma, hay fever, or pulmonary complaints. The hotel accommodation is good, and the steamboat service on the lakes and rivers all that is to be desired. The Grand Trunk Railway system is the only means of reaching these popular regions, and they have issued a series of handsome illustrated publications, descriptive of the resorts that are located in the different districts, including lists of hotels and boarding-houses. These publications may be obtained free on application to F. P. Dwyer, Eastern Passenger Agent, Dun Building, 290 Broadway, New York City.

BRITANNIA was plainly perturbed. Her brow was almost a perfect understudy for a corduroy road.

"I wonder," said she, "should I give my allegiance to Rudyard, who preaches the gospel of main strength in his verse, or to Alfred, who practices it in building his compositions?"—*Indianapolis Press*.

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A PENNSYLVANIA CAPITALIST PAYS \$18,270 PER ANNUM FOR A 5% GOLD BOND POLICY.

Charles T. Schoen of Philadelphia, President of the Pressed Steel Car Company, has taken one of the 5% Gold Bond contracts issued by The Prudential Insurance Company of America, of Newark, N. J. The policy issued amounts to \$250,000, requiring an annual premium of \$18,270. The settlements under the contract are unique, the heirs of Mr. Schoen having the choice of two options:

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THE watering carts of a certain Irish town are decorated with patent medicine advertisements. An innocent Irishman from the rural districts looked at one the other day, and remarked:

"Faith, it's no wonder D—— is healthy, when they water the streets with Jones's sarsaparilla!"—*Argonaut*.

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SCHOOL TEACHER: What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow?

BOSKY: I kin, please.

"Well, Bosky?"

"The home of the swallow is the stummick."

—*Exchange*.

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YOUNG WIFE: When I asked Harry if he couldn't take me to the Paris Exposition this year, he talked dreadfully. He almost swore.

ELDERLY AUNT: What did he say?

"He said he'd see me in St. Louis first."

—*Chicago Tribune*.



OSCAR'S SAUCE

"As served at the Waldorf Astoria."

A spoonful will make a poor joint good. For hot and cold meats.

AN old but good story of Turner is again going the rounds. It is related that a rich and supposedly cultured woman once called on the great English artist. It was before he had become the fashion. The visitor took exception to the colors in a landscape.

"Why, Mr. Turner, I have seen that place ever so often, and I am sure I never saw such colors as those."

"Indeed?" Turner answered, with real or affected surprise and concern, "but don't you wish you could, madam?"

—*Evening Post*.

A WORTHY CHARITY.

A one-act play, to which a number of prominent dramatic artists will lend their services, will be given on July 31st, in the parlors of the Hotel Majestic, in aid of the BROOKLYN NURSERY AND INFANTS' HOSPITAL. All who desire to attend, or secure tickets as an aid to this worthy charity, may address the Treasurer, Mrs. John Hoagland, 467 Eleventh Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"GEE, whiz! What's the matter with you?" exclaimed the trainer. "You certainly don't look fit to compete in to-day's games."

"No," sadly replied the champion athlete, "I absent-mindedly wore my laurels to bed with me last night."

—*Philadelphia Press*.

It's hard to keep on smiling when the stomach's feeling ill,
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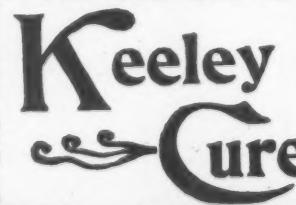
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The Great Midsummer Racing Event will be the Contest for the

Brighton Cup

On SATURDAY, AUGUST 4. Probable Value, \$10,000,
for 3-Year Olds and Upward. Distance,
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ Miles, with all the crack
Thoroughbreds
entered.

All the
Crack Horses
in Record Making Contests.
Fastest track in
the world.

Coolest
and pleasantest
place around New York to
go for an afternoon's
diversion.